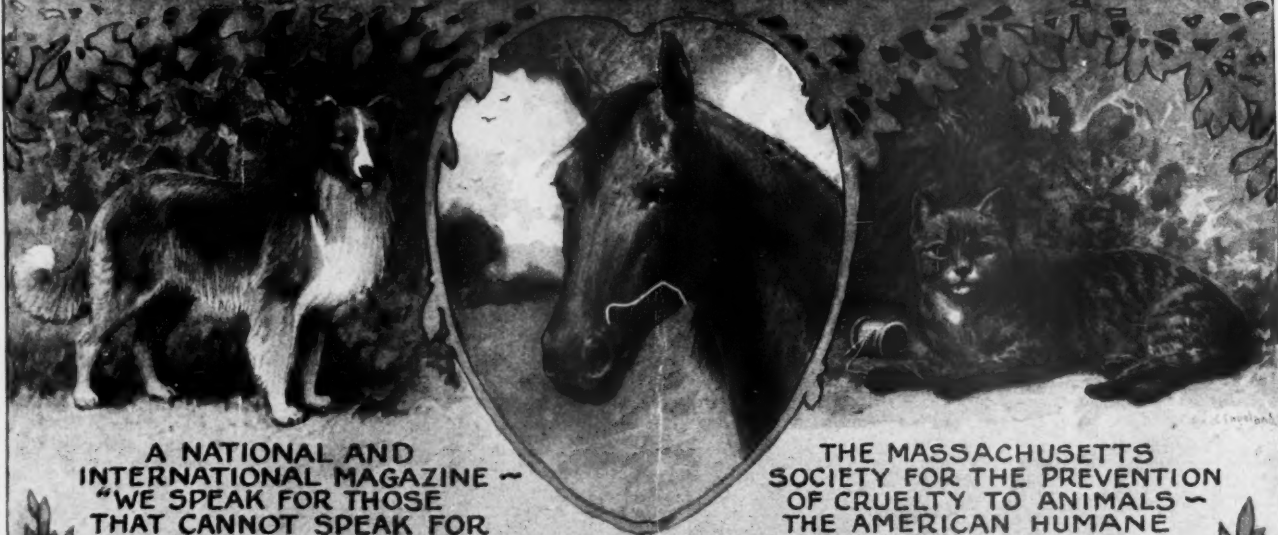


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 44

No.

8

JANUARY, 1912

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Our Dumb Animals

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY

Main Office
COURT STREET

Capital \$5,000,000

BOSTON

Branch Office
TEMPLE PLACE

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EVERY PERSON owning property should make a will. Many do so; others put off this important matter until too late. To many the process of setting aside property in trust, either by will or by agreement, seems complicated and difficult. The exact effect of such action is not clear either as to themselves or as to those whom they wish to benefit by the trust. They hesitate to make inquiries, feeling possibly that they are unduly disclosing their own personal affairs or else that by asking questions they are committing themselves in some way to continue with the establishment of a trust whether they really desire to do so or not.

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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 44

Boston, January, 1912

No. 8

The Social Relations of Men and Animals

By BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER



THIS is a social world we live in. Man is a social animal, and society means, as we understand it, that one supplements the other. Man is a social animal. He is still an animal and we have still the recollection of his connection with the beast. He still makes a fool of himself. All the animals do on occasion.

He still follows fate and fashion, remembering meekly that he is but an animal. But a new light is dawning in his mind and new purposes. He tries a little now and then to see the laws according to which things are ordered so that he may see his life in reason, and he succeeds only now and then,—he sees straight only now and then, with the other animals. He is a social animal. He lives in a thing he calls society whereby, as I said, one undertakes to supplement another.

No one of us is a god,—no one of us can live without the help of another, and that is the richest life. That is life lived according to the right desire. I would that I might have life and have it more abundantly,—the life which reaches out in the larger ways and gives the most help to my fellow-men. That is the best society where men reach out most easily to supplement their own lives. The richest civilization we find is right in the center of London where all kinds of people live. The life of each individual is made up out of the work of different people in many parts of the world. That is the richest civilization which uses the other man, and that is the richest individual life which leans most for help, for shelter, and for cooperation on others.

This human animal, as he has developed himself in a society, has done it chiefly in these latter channels by subduing nature, and sub-

duing nature means good economy. It means eliminating waste for nature is wasteful. Reason fashions the streams to the uses of man, and his reason is the light that is coming into the world. There is no profounder object of literature than those first words of the Gospel of John, where it speaks of reason as being the light that was coming into the world which should forever light man's life. Man is constantly infusing reason into the great and wasteful practices of nature. Look at the acorns,—a thousand of them are scattered on the ground for only one good tree that comes from them. Nature is wasteful, but reason is economic. Reason eliminates waste because it adapts one thing to another. Man, as he is living and advancing himself in reason, is subduing the universal wastes and using reason to promote the great mechanisms of our nature. Nature does not aid itself. Nature goes according to its rules, regular rules, so much oxygen, so much hydrogen just to make plain water. Every time it produces the same result. Into this crudity of nature, reason like the light of life has gone, thereby eliminating the waste. Before this, man had been in fear of nature. It overwhelmed him. It was too big and too vast for him to understand and he cowed before it. Reason is learning to eliminate it, not by asking nature to cooperate with it but by prying on nature and finding out the rules according to the works and then managing it in ways of its own.

There are some other animals that have to be taken into account in this social scheme which we live in. The whole surface of the globe bears marks of the animals that have passed away. Almost within our time we have seen the American bison pass out of existence. Ten years ago it was doubtful whether the species was to be preserved at all. Thousands and thousands of types of animals have served their time and had no future. Only those animals are conserved which fit into the social life and are useful; the others pass away and are eliminated by the infinite process of nature. Of the animals which are conserved only those can be reckoned which enter into the society of man. In our day almost, in California, the elk and moose have disappeared, and when we think of the increasing power of man to dominate the world with the

demand for the space in the world for the human animals, the process is going on very rapidly.

We are singling out certain plants and bringing them into our society. We call them the domestic plants. It is just so with the animals. Certain of these are conserved by this society for mutual helpfulness.

There is first of all that old friend of man, the dog. Long before history began, long before any making of records which we can read, the dog was the friend of man. He followed his master long ago and helped him, and when we see the collie scattering the sheep today, it is only doing the bidding of that older pack in the past. Domestication is more than humanizing the animals which have entered in to this human society. They are not merely dumb, wild beasts,—they are domestic animals. They have become attached to human society and learned to serve its purposes. We have the dog which looks for the touch of his master. He helps his master as his master's friend and rejoices greatly at the kindness of his master. I am one of the persons who is well disposed toward the household cat. It has always seemed to me that the humming of the tea-kettle was cheerier when the cat is content on the rug. Whatever the cause of it, the cat is an individual which has made homes a little sweeter and gladder and by which many a lonely woman has been cheered.

We must not forget the sheep. That is one animal which has made its home with mankind ever since history began. Nor shall we forget the goat, the friend of the poor man. It is familiar to the surroundings of poverty but still the companion of man. Quite so is the case of the cow which all through the history of man has been associated with the family aiding in the nourishment of the family, even though man with certain selfishness has played upon the maternal instincts of the cow.

There are some animals that cannot be justly called domestic. There is the rhinoceros which we have heard two men went to the menagerie to see. One man looked at it for several minutes and then said to his companion, "There ain't no such animal." There are the elephant and the camel, great and savage as they are, which have

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, LL.D., since 1889 president of the University of California at Berkeley, is one of the foremost scholars of the country. His published books cover a wide range of learning, based upon a profound study of history. The above is from a stenographic report of an address delivered at the convention of the American Humane Association in San Francisco last October.



A FOUR-FOOTED ARCHITECT

served the purposes of society, especially that "ship of the desert" which adjusts itself to the needs of man in the great wastes.

These are a part of the human society, of that human society to which we belong. They are a part of our homes. They are a part of our life. There is a law that compels, a fundamental law of society, a law of cooperation that compels us, even though they are not of our household, to be humane and to fulfil the mission of humanity which is the highest human thing there is.

I welcome you to California. California loves things humane. It is very frank and humane itself. Here under the open sky and the open sun men have learned that it is best to be frank with each other. California loves the human mantle of beauty, of art and science and literature, loves to discriminate and loves to live. California is very humane and I promise you it welcomes, therefore, the friends of things humane, the friends of humanity.

ENEMIES TO THE RAT

"Various authorities working for our government have reported as a minimum estimation that the rat causes an annual loss in this country of no less than \$100,000,000," is the startling statement of W. F. Cooper in *Technical World Magazine* for December. Surely those who read this timely article will agree that there is one animal, at least, which ought to be exterminated.

Let those who are waging war on the cat as a possible disease breeder turn their attention to the rat, which is ten thousand times more dangerous to our health as well as a direct enemy of our wealth. Says Mr. Cooper:

"Of natural enemies of the rat, the best known terriers, and the common alley cat—too often a disturber of slumbers—deserve the highest commendation. The better this use of the often despised cat is understood, the sooner will efforts be made to conserve him, instead of efforts being made through legal measures for his destruction. Persons also seeking new and profitable fields of endeavor could not do better than take to the breeding of the fox, Scotch and Irish terriers, for as soon as the value of these animals is learned, no one who has the best interests of his community at heart would think of owning any other dog. If people will have dogs, here is a suggestion for the best and most useful kind to have. They are worth their keep. The 'flying cat,' as some Frenchman has named the owl, is one of the chief destroyers of the rat in the rural districts, but too often the farmer has put forth the utmost effort in trying to exterminate this useful creature. From a money point alone, he is far more of an asset than a liability."

The Wonder-Working Beaver

By Robert B. Rockwell

Illustrations by the Author

THE nearest approach to human ingenuity among the creatures of fur and feather is undoubtedly exhibited by the beaver. This wonderful animal, closely resembling the common muskrat in general appearance but several times as large and with a tail flattened horizontally instead of vertically, is found throughout the mountainous western states. Here in the vast solitude he plies his busy trade, cutting trees of all sizes with his marvelously sharp chisel-like teeth, building dams across streams and erecting great "houses" of tree trunks and branches, in the interior of which he lives in cozy warmth during the severe winter. The remarkable intelligence displayed

by the animals in felling the trees in convenient locations and dragging them into proper position, and the wonderful manner in which the upper sides of the dams are plastered, seems little short of impossible to the reader who has not seen this wonderful work.

In regions where beavers are especially abundant, the topography of entire valleys is sometimes changed by the construction of numerous dams, the consequent backing up of the water and the depositing of the sediment brought down into the still water by the rushing torrent.

The beavers not only cut down trees for the purpose of making dams, but they also use the smaller upper branches as a storage supply of



DAM BUILT BY BEAVER IN MESA COUNTY, COLORADO



TYPICAL "BEAVER HOUSE" NEAR DENVER, COLORADO

food for winter use. These branches, from two to four inches in diameter, are cut into lengths of two or three feet and then by wonderful engineering ability are carried beneath the water and into the beavers' houses or the burrows, with which the bank of every beaver's dam is honeycombed. Here they are carefully stored. The green bark is the staple article of food throughout the winter. In springtime hundreds of these sticks, cleanly denuded of the bark, may be found floating down stream or caught against the banks of the dam.

The dams are of varying height and length, according to the particular location. I found a dam in Mesa County, Colorado, which was just six feet from bottom to top, and impounded in a body of water six feet or more in depth and covering an area of several acres. This dam was perfect in construction. It was composed entirely of willow bushes as no large timber grows in the vicinity.

In a beautiful dam not far from Denver, Colorado, I succeeded in photographing a typical "beaver's house." This house was over ten feet in height above the water, which was about four feet deep at this point. The structure was thirty or forty feet in diameter and undoubtedly sheltered a large number of beavers.

Another picture shows a giant cottonwood tree that was cut down by the beavers at the edge of this dam. The top of the tree fell into the water where it was promptly cut up by the beavers to furnish their winter's supply of food. This tree was nineteen inches in diameter inside the bark.

The beavers' fur is very valuable for commercial purposes and for many years this interesting animal was threatened with destruction on this account, but thanks to wise legislative protection they are now fully protected and are rapidly increasing.

Robert B. Rockwell of Denver, Colorado, one of the associate editors of *The Condor*, a member of the Cooper Ornithological Club, is one of the most successful photographers and writers on bird and animal subjects in the West. He is a frequent contributor to *The Condor* and a recognized authority upon the birds of Colorado. Photographs by Mr. Rockwell were published in *Our Dumb Animals* for December, 1911, and will continue to appear during 1912.



GIANT COTTONWOOD TREE CUT DOWN BY BEAVERS

Before the Fur Reaches the Counter

By Ernest Harold Baynes



THE fur-wearing public at large does not see the terror, the prolonged, excruciating agony of the animals whose lives it demands. All that took place a long way off and months ago, so why should any one trouble himself about that?

Of course, sensitive, thinking people do not require to see the mangled victims in order to know how furs are obtained; their own common-sense tells them that. Such people are easy to appeal to; they comprehend and respond to decent feelings. But there is another class to which belong individuals who lack sensibility to such an extent that no argument which tends to mitigate their personal comfort or vanity, has any effect unless it be to make them more obstinate. To this class belong those who persist in wearing garments of the material known as "Persian lamb," knowing that its use necessitates the killing of unborn lambs and their mothers, an unspeakable crime which right-minded men and women should scorn to uphold. In spite of all that has been published on this subject, the hideous traffic still goes on, and we may see a woman wearing a single garment which has cost twenty innocent lives, taken under the most revolting circumstances.

Whatever may be said in defense of professional trapping, there is little reason, it would seem, for the encouragement of amateur trapping, in the practice of which the animals are still more frequently subjected to great cruelty. The professional generally visits his traps as regularly as he can, as a matter of business, but the amateur has many other interests and is usually much more liable to forget.

I know two boys who are devoted to trapping the smaller animals "just for sport" as they say. They are rather nice boys, too, but very thoughtless. They will sometimes visit their traps

Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes

regularly for a week, and then having had no success they may leave them for days at a time. Naturally, any animal which is caught in the meantime suffers until it dies.

Few people realize, I think, what it means to an animal to be caught and left in a steel trap in winter. In the first place, the jaws of the trap, propelled by a strong and powerful spring, are



ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES AND HIS PRAIRIE-WOLF "ROMULUS"

very apt to break the bone of the leg. This perhaps is the luckiest thing that could happen, under the circumstances, because, after several hours of struggling and gnawing, the wretched creature may succeed in twisting off the imprisoned member, and get away to live, a cripple for the rest of its days, or at least to die quietly in its burrow. But often the leg is not broken; just jammed out of shape, causing intense pain, accompanied by swelling of the limb. As a rule the captive, full of fear and agony, struggles frantically to free itself. Finding that this does nothing but increase its suffering, it will lie quiet for a time and then begin to struggle more violently than before. Then perhaps comes the quietness of despair. The temperature falls to zero perhaps, or below it, and a cutting wind drives the snow, hissing and stinging through the naked woods. Hour after hour, the creature lies, hungry, cold and tortured. Fortunate indeed it is, if some other animal, a fox or a wolf, kills it and tears its body from the trap and very likely some of these grim visitors have added to the misery of the captive by lurking near, awaiting the hour when, weakened by hunger and pain, it can no longer defend itself.

Ernest Harold Baynes of Meriden, New Hampshire, vice-president of the American Bison Society, president of the Meriden Bird Club, is a well-known lecturer upon American natural history. His knowledge of animals is first-hand, as the accompanying picture shows. An account of "One Trapper's Experience," written by Mr. Baynes, was published in *Our Dumb Animals* for August, 1911.

Otherwise it must lie for ages, seemingly, until it slowly freezes or starves to death.

How any one can sit comfortably at home on a winter night, knowing that owing to his carelessness such a tragedy as this may even then be taking place in the woods, is more than I can tell. But they do it, some of them, as I have found out by disgusting experience.

Personally I think that amateur trapping is a very unnecessary amusement, and I believe that any decent boy or man can be made to see the injustice, yes, the outrageousness of it. Looking at it from a mercenary point of view even, it is not a profitable occupation, except in rare cases. Any one with ordinary intelligence and half the energy required to become a successful trapper, can make more money at something else, and at the same time retain his self-respect.

THE STEEL TOOTHED TRAP

The English writer, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, once had the misfortune of having one of his own dogs caught in a steel trap. This led him to make a very careful examination of the power of these "remnants of barbarity," not only on the body of a dead rabbit, but also on his own person. He tells his experience in these words:

"I tried placing my own finger within, allowing the trap to close upon it gently. I must ask you to believe that I am fairly plucky at bearing pain; I have had my share of it in various forms, and from those who know me I could confidently ask for a testimonial on this point. I allowed my finger to remain there for three minutes by my watch. For my purpose this was sufficient, and I saw no practical good in sustaining longer what I have no hesitation in describing as excruciating suffering. If any reader thinks I am employing exaggerated language, I am prepared to listen to him after he has tried a similar experiment. The suffering increases with every second. An almost intolerable aching spreads over the whole body. The limb itself becomes one burning center of pain; you long to tear it off. If this be the result of three minutes, imagine three hours—thirty hours. And to this, remember, in the case of the rabbit must be added the agony of the torn flesh and the crushed bone.

"I say nothing of the terror, nothing of the thirst and hunger that must creep upon the animal left sometimes in these traps for days and nights. I wish to confine myself to points that admit of no argument. Life in the country to those with the slightest feelings of sympathy is made wretched by the thought of all this suffering going on around them. These traps are sold by the ten thousand, and the pitiful screams of their victims are common sounds during a country walk. I am prepared to be denounced as a humanitarian. My farming and preserving neighbors when I speak to them on the subject only grin. One sympathetic listener I have found, a sturdy old gamekeeper, who tells me that some years ago he had the ill-luck to let a trap he was setting go off upon his own hand. The mark of the wound is there to this day, and never since has he been able to bring himself to set one for any living creature. There are other ways of 'keeping down' these unhappy little brothers of ours without torturing them for hours as a playful preliminary."

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS

Do not forget the birds at Christmas, urges the *Farm Journal*. Place a shelf on the barn, or house, where the birds can easily reach it. Scatter crumbs and seeds on it, and fasten to it a piece of suet or a meaty bone. And do not forget the feathered tribe on other days.

Why Stop the Sale of Game-birds?

By Edward Howe Forbush



HOW much longer will the people of this country continue to offer a price upon the heads of useful wild birds and animals? The fur, plume, feather, and game markets are responsible for the destruction and extinction of many valuable forms of bird and animal life. All that is necessary to insure the extermination of a species is to put a liberal price upon it. It will be pursued to the uttermost parts of the earth. Laws will be broken, the officers of the law will be evaded or intimidated, or in some cases overpowered or murdered, and the demands of the market will be supplied so long as there is a marketable bird or animal left alive. The mother bird on her nest, the unfledged young, the doe and her fawn all are sacrificed to the greed of gain.

The market hunter is the bane of animal life. Where the sportsman hunts occasionally, the

flocks which obscured the sky, are now believed to be extinct, and other North American species of game-birds and shore-birds are disappearing fast.

Thirty years ago Eskimo curlews and passenger pigeons could be seen in barrels in the Boston markets. Millions of passenger pigeons were shipped yearly within the last half century to all the large cities. Dr. D. G. Elliot states that a game dealer in New York received twenty tons of prairie-chickens in one consignment, and that one of the larger dealers sold about two hundred thousand birds in six months. August Silz, in New York, says that he has sold a million game-birds in one year. In 1903, 40,759 birds were found illegally in the possession of a cold storage house in New York City. Thirty-four thousand four hundred and thirteen were game-birds, eighteen thousand fifty-eight snowbirds, and two hundred and eighty-eight were bobolinks.

The modern demand for game is unlimited.



KILLDEER-PLOVER

pot-hunter shoots continually. It is his business to kill while the game lasts, and to spare none. He feels that if he withholds his hand the next pot-hunter will not. Market hunting stimulates the use of devices for capturing game by wholesale. The snare, the net, the trap, the battery, the swivel-gun and all inhuman devices for killing or capturing large numbers of birds and animals are used to supply the market and so long as wild birds can be sold legally, illegal and destructive methods will be used in procuring them. The demands of the feather market are exterminating the most rare and beautiful birds of the world, while those of the game market are extirpating game of all kinds. Mr. Beebe of the New York Zoological Society who recently has returned from an expedition to Asiatic countries, reports that pheasants of many species are rapidly approaching extinction. The ruffed grouse or partridge of New England and North America is practically extinct now in several states. The heath-hen has disappeared except on the island of Martha's Vineyard. The passenger pigeon and the Eskimo curlew, which, in the early part of the last century, migrated in

Formerly the market sometimes was glutted and the demand ceased. Now modern facilities for cold storage make it possible for the marketmen to preserve great quantities of game indefinitely. If game is to be sold in our markets let us make laws restricting sale to those species which can be raised on game farms. Otherwise in a few years our forests, fields, and waters will be depleted of their furred and feathered inhabitants.

How much longer will the people of America allow the exploitation of wild game to line the pockets of the few? The game belongs to the whole people. The birds are of far greater benefit to mankind when allowed to live in the woods and fields and protect our crops and trees from insect pests, than they ever can be when hanging mangled and disfigured in the butcher's stall. The greatest benefit that our people can derive from birds is gained by their living companionship. If we allow their destruction the void thus made can never be filled. Let us act now and prohibit all sale of wild game forever.

When the farmer learns that every bird destroyed is equivalent to a definite increase in insects with which he already has to struggle hard, he will have a personal interest in the preservation of the birds.

Edward Howe Forbush, ornithologist to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, one of the advisory directors of the National Association of Audubon Societies, is the author of "Useful Birds and Their Protection." He is a recognized authority upon many phases of economic ornithology.

Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital and Headquarters for Our Two Societies



WHAT the state of Massachusetts owes to George Thorndike Angell no man can estimate. The vast majority of the men and women in this commonwealth, as well as multitudes in other states, consciously or unconsciously have been influenced by him. Hundreds of thousands of children in the public schools of the United States are every day being touched, little as it may be realized, by the spirit he so largely quickened. For Mr. Angell never for a moment narrowed his activity to the prevention of cruelty to animals. He always regarded the educational side of the work as by far the more important.

No one questioned his devotion to horse and dog, to beast and bird of every description that needed a human friend. But to train the millions of American boys and girls, yearly passing through our public schools, in the principles of fair play, justice, kindness to their fellows as well as toward other animals, was the purpose of his life. It was to help form such a citizenship as would give no place to cruelty, violence, incendiarism, class-hatred, anarchism, mob-passion, dynamite and war, that he bent the efforts of his rare genius. Who shall even imagine what such teachings have meant among the hosts of these millions of children, many of them of foreign birth and parentage, who have been reached by the Bands of Mercy started in America by Mr. Angell!

His Monument

How can this state, and friends of the humane cause throughout the country better perpetuate the memory of this pioneer in humane work in America, whose name will always be coupled with that of Henry Bergh's, than by erecting this splendid memorial that will be at once a monument to him and make possible a continuing ministry of help and kindness to thousands of that animal world for whose cause he so long pleaded?

The structure in its central feature, as seen by the picture, will be purely monumental. This will constitute the administration building. Around the three sides of the square the hospital proper will be built two stories in height, the lower for the larger, and the upper for the smaller animals.

The hospital contemplates the same careful and scientific treatment of animals that is given in other institutions to human beings. If we are going to care for sick or injured animals that possess a real value, either because of the money they represent, or the affection of their owners for them, why should we not give them the best care that modern knowledge can provide?

It is in the direction, moreover, of this kind of treatment of domestic animals that the humane work of our times is moving. In England and on the Continent, as money can be obtained, animal hospitals are being built. The most of them, to be sure, are on a small scale, but they mark the trend of things. In this country the

University of Pennsylvania has a large hospital devoted entirely to the care of sick and injured animals. There is one also in connection with Johns Hopkins University. The Woman's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. has within a short time established a similar institution, and the New York Society is now erecting a hospital in connection with a shelter and an ambulance house. The need of these hospitals is evident in the patronage that even the most inferior of them receive.

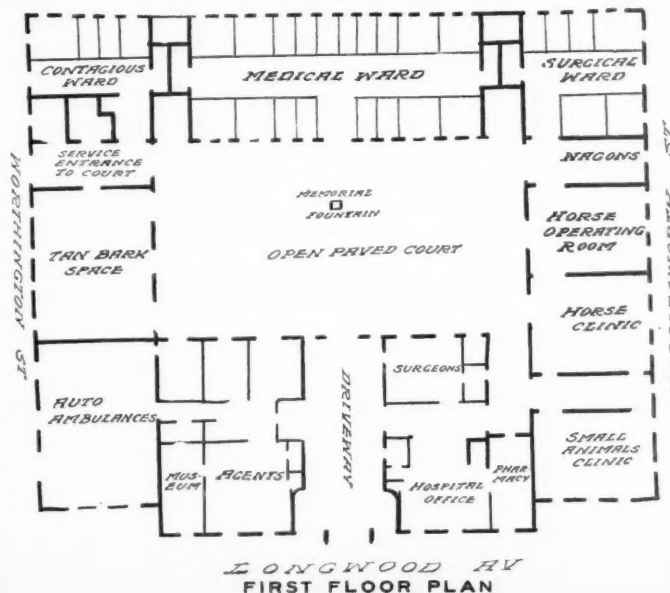
No Experimentation

Let no friend of our cause think that this hospital will ever be used to further the ends sought by that experimentation upon animal life which is known as vivisection. Into the constitution of the hospital itself will go a clause that will forever prohibit such a possibility, even if it is conceivable that the management might some day so far apostatize. Whatever is done will be done for the animals' benefit and not for any gain that might ever be supposed to accrue to the human race.

At the same time the study of other animals than man, in sickness, it is now held will have a large bearing upon the proper treatment of human patients suffering from disease. The science of comparative medicine is yearly opening a wider field of study that promises much for mankind. We repeat, however, our earlier statement that no pain shall ever be inflicted upon animal life connected in any way with this hospital, or over which it has any control, save as such pain may be an unavoidable part of the kindest efforts put forth to heal and restore to health.

Location and Cost

The location, on Longwood avenue near Huntington avenue, seems to us almost ideal. The hospital will stand in the same beautiful section of the city with the Art Museum, the Grand Opera



House, the splendid group of the Harvard Medical School buildings, the new million dollar home of the Y. M. C. A., and the large number of noble hospitals either already finished or in the course of construction. In five years this will be, if it is not already, the greatest hospital center on the face of the globe.

The cost of buildings, and equipment, we shall keep within \$250,000. A proper memorial, serving both for a hospital and for all the offices of the two Societies, and furnishing facilities for the publication of *Our Dumb Animals* and the large quantity of books and literature we are constantly issuing, we cannot hope to erect for less than this amount. At present we are paying for our offices, where our space is limited, and for garage room for our ambulances, a rental which represents an investment of \$150,000, so that after all the project is not at all a startling one. About \$40,000 has already been contributed during recent years. There will be no extravagance, no needless expenditure of money. Elaborate offices are not thought of for a moment. We want nothing more than the proper working facilities, and those simple and durable.

This \$250,000 we must raise as something entirely apart from our other funds. We cannot cripple our present work by the new undertaking.

A False Impression

The very false impression exists that we abound in money. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. receives from its invested funds \$14,662 a year. It spends for its work throughout the state \$69,084. These were the figures at the last annual report. It is wholly dependent therefore upon gifts and bequests to make up the yearly balance.

Our appeal is to all our friends. We have certainly enough of them so that if each would do something this memorial could be built and dedicated to the cause of humanity, as it will be when it is finished, without any incumbrance in the way of debt. It is by no means Massachusetts alone that owes this to Mr. Angell. This monument to him should be as national in its character as were his work and influence. Will not each reader of this paper do his or her share? There are 250,000 blocks of stock at one dollar each,—how many will you take? The name of each contributor properly inscribed will be preserved in some permanent form in the building. All gifts should be sent to Henry B. Hill, Treasurer, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

F.H.R.

TALK TO YOUR HORSE

Talk to your horse and teach him to obey your voice as well as the reins, is the sensible advice offered to drivers by *Spirit of the West*. This may prove valuable if, as sometimes happens, the lines break or come unbuckled. Besides, the horse likes the sociability of it. He easily learns a dozen or more words, but be careful to use them only for exactly what you mean. For instance, "whoa" means to stop at once and stand perfectly still; "get up" to go straight ahead and at once; "back" to step backward; "easy," or "steady," to slow up. These words the horse readily learns and takes kindly to. "Walk" means to change at once to a walk; and "all right," spoken in a calm, reassuring tone, means "don't be afraid, that won't hurt you," and it is wonderful to see what a calming effect it has. Speak firmly, but not sharply to the horses, for they are nervous creatures. Talking to your horse will make him more intelligent and more friendly.

At least common decency is due a horse. His home should be clean.



AT JOHNSON FARM, CHAUMONT, N. Y.

BLANKET YOUR HORSE

Hugo Krause in Chicago Tribune

Accuse any person of cruelty and he is pretty certain to resent the compliment. And yet how many people in our city daily countenance acts of cruelty and neglect to our four-footed friends without making the least effort to lessen the burden of those who cannot speak for themselves. Are not such people accessories after the fact, morally at least if not legally?

Winter is at our door and with the inclemency of the weather added precautions are necessary for the welfare of the patient horse, who, in addition to being overloaded, overdriven, cruelly jerked, and improperly shod, is often exposed for long periods of time without adequate covering. Newspaper, butcher, and grocery drivers are conspicuous offenders along this line.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty are necessarily limited in dealing with this city-wide evil, but if the general public would cooperate more freely in reporting such cases, either to the societies or, better still, directly to the employers, it would have a most wholesome effect, as most of these drivers are provided with blankets which they are too lazy to use and few team owners care to have their stock abused.

Again the method of blanketing, especially in the case of coal teams, is often a mere makeshift, the blanket being doubled up and thrown on the rump of the animal when common-sense demands that it cover the breast and shoulders to be of benefit. Driving with the blanket on is obviously the lazy man's job and is worse than useless.

Who will help in safeguarding the wonderful, delicately adjusted, and sentient machine of man's best friend?

IN THE S. P. C. A. AMBULANCE

How strange it is to hear the turn of wheels
And yet to drag no heavy weight behind!
This touch of hand upon my shoulder feels
Like my first master, who was sometimes kind.
I wish that I were not so very blind;
It may be we are near to fields of grass
Where horses play, and no one seems to mind,
In such green meadows as I used to pass.

That last time in the alley when I fell
I could not rise, however much I tried.
I thought the whip would end it then. Ah, well,
Who would have thought that I, at last, should ride?

I, the old horse who gladly would have died,
Ride, ride in state, whither I cannot guess;
No curses, and no blows upon my side—
When men say "Heaven" they must mean no less.

EMILY SARGENT LEWIS in *Lippincott's*.

KINDNESS THAT COST

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

To be actively kind sometimes requires considerable effort. The one who witnessed the following incident was greatly interested in this act of a "good Samaritan."

He was only a modest, awkward laborer, walking rapidly down the street toward the shop where he earned his daily bread by repairing furniture, but his quick eye observed a work-horse in trouble over his noon-day meal.

The off horse on the forward team of two brick-loaded vehicles had spilled his dinner—he knew he had not eaten it, and he was restlessly and vainly shaking his canvas feed bag for the mysteriously vanished oats.

As the man approached the team, he slackened his pace, hesitated, went on a bit, turned and walked back a few steps beyond the horse, gave a furtive glance along the unusually deserted thoroughfare, and turning again, stopped beside the horse's head. Still hesitating, he looked once more up and down the street, then gazed apprehensively at the two drivers who had emptied their own dinner pails and were enjoying a smoke and chat on the doorstep a few rods further along, evidently fearing their ridicule if he were discovered.

Seeing them too much occupied to notice him, he finally took courage and stepped gingerly into the gutter. Scraping the scattered oats into a pile, he picked up a double handful, once, twice, three times, and deposited each into the horse's feed bag.

After patting the now contented animal, he evaded the drivers by crossing the street, and pursued his interrupted course at a more rapid rate than before, bearing on his hands undeniable traces of dirt and upon his face equally unmistakable signs of satisfaction, as a result of his kind and—as he thought—unnoted act.

CHRISTINE WARE,

Brookline, Mass.

THE HORSES OF ANDALUSIA

Andalusia has always been famous for its fine horses and Jerez de la Frontera, since the seventeenth century, has been perhaps the center of horse breeding.

A Jerez dealer in horses, in discussing the Spanish-Andalus horse, says that although the Spanish horse has been somewhat superior in late years for draft work, yet its supremacy as a saddle-horse, not only for fleetness, but endurance and strength, has frequently been demonstrated. On hard trips the only horses surviving the extreme hardships and lack of food have been the Spanish, the imported horses having all succumbed. They undoubtedly are gifted with great endurance and have a tenacity of life truly remarkable.

By FRANK HERBERT PALMER

PATSY



HE was a very pretty and intelligent Scotch collie. His home was on a farm, at the top of a high hill in Nova Scotia, about fifteen miles back in the country from Halifax. Our boys had a fine camp a full mile from Patsy's home. It was quite a puzzle for a stranger to get from "Mt. Airie" to "Camp Stillwater." First there was a winding lane down the hill to the public road, with a great swinging gate for exit. Then, turning to the right, one passed along the country highway for a quarter of a mile or so. Then another gate opened into a wood-road which led on to a house and barn. Passing through the barn-yard, over or through woods and meadow, brought the camper or camp visitor to an open pasture at the far end of which was a stone wall. Once over this wall one was in the dense forest, where the boys had blazed a trail to the bluff, overlooking a great lake. On this bluff, surrounded by splendid forest trees, and with the lake on three sides, was Camp Stillwater. The quiet of the night was often broken by the wild laughter of the loon; and once some animal, probably a porcupine, jumped out of an overhanging branch onto the tent canvas, slid down and shambled off as the startled sleepers peered out under the edges of the tent trying to make out the personality of the marauder.

Well, in the farmer's family were two daughters, well educated young ladies, who were Patsy's particular charge. Our boys' sisters were boarding near by and the four girls were naturally much interested in the camp. One day the boys dared the girls to sleep at the camp, without male guards, for one whole night. The girls thought it would be great fun and accepted the "dare." Elaborate house-cleaning, cooking and other preparations were made by the boys all day, and at eventide the girls came down, not by the road, but *in a boat*, be it noted. A merry company with great appetites ate camp fare and told stories around the fire. About nine o'clock the boys departed for the farm, with many warnings to the girls to keep the guns loaded and to look out sharp for wolves and bears. The boys likewise went back by boat from the camp to the foot of Mt. Airie.

When they arrived at the farm they found Patsy evidently much distressed at the absence of the girls. He was very restless, whined and barked constantly and would not settle down in his accustomed place for the night. In about half an hour he disappeared.

How he found his way to the camp no one knows. He had never been there before, and there was no scent except to the boat landing. But, by some sort of woodcraft or dog-lore, to the camp he made his way, after the boys had come in without the girls. He appeared shortly before ten o'clock, lay down contentedly before the tent door and remained on guard until day dawn. At about four o'clock in the morning he left for home, doubtless thinking that all danger of the camp being molested was over with the coming of the light.

The girls would not admit that they were at all timid at being left alone in the woods when the boys withdrew. But many times the next day they caressed Patsy with unusual fervor and told him he was "an old dear."

Frank Herbert Palmer, editor of *Education*, Boston, is a frequent writer and lecturer upon animals and other subjects.

BISHOP DOANE ON HIS DOG

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that his bounty sends—
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To Him whom God I know and own: his eye,
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,
He is content and quiet if I am near,
Secure that my protection will prevail;
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

GUARDS BODY OF MISTRESS

Standing guard over the dead body of her mistress for a week and barking defiance at those who attempted to enter the house, "Gipsy," the faithful dog of an aged resident of Detroit, was found at her post almost starved.

Gipsy and a canary had been the woman's sole companions in the house. The dog had guarded her and the canary had cheered her. The little yellow song bird was found dead in the cage—starved. The dog, unfed, remained on guard. Emaciated and weak in body, when discovered, she was fiercely determined to guard her mistress even in death, and it required force to remove her that the body might be cared for.

A neighbor, living two doors away, took the dog to his home and gave her food which she ate ravenously. He will care for her until someone with a better claim appears.

IN THE DOG'S MIND

Much has been written in both prose and verse about the dog, indeed it is probable that the literature concerning this animal "in life the firmest friend" far exceeds that of any other single member of the animal world. This literature expresses for the most part the human point of view rather than the canine, and for this reason perhaps does so little of it become "classic." A French author, Anatole France, has written a score of "meditations" which cleverly represent the workings of the dog mind. The following are selected:

My master keeps me warm when I am lying behind him in his arm-chair. That is because he is a god. There is a warm flagstone in front of the fireplace, and that flagstone, too, is divine.

To eat is a good thing. To have eaten is better. For the enemy who spies upon you to take your food away is quick and wily.

I speak when I want to. From my master's mouth, also, there come sounds that mean something. But their meaning is much less distinct than that which I express by the sounds of my voice. In my master's mouth everything has a meaning. In my master's mouth there are many empty sounds. It is difficult and necessary to divine my master's thoughts.

I am always in the middle of everything, and men, animals and things are ranged, hostile or friendly, round about me.

There are carriages that horses draw through the streets. They are terrible. There are other carriages that go by themselves, breathing very hard. They also are entirely hateful. Men in rags are odious, as also are they who carry baskets on their heads, or who roll casks. And

I have no love for children who, chasing and flying from each other, run about and utter loud cries in the streets. The world is full of hostile and formidable things.

The life of a dog is full of danger. To avoid suffering one must be wide awake at all times—during one's meals, and even during one's sleep.

The action for which one has been beaten is a bad action. The action for which one has received caresses or food is a good action.

When night falls mischievous powers roam about the house. I bark, to warn my master to chase them away.

Prayer: O my master, thou god of life and death, I adore thee! Praise to thee, terrible one! Praise to thee, merciful one! I crouch at thy feet, I lick thy hands. Great art thou and beautiful when, seated at thy furnished table, thou devourest thine abundant viands. Great art thou and beautiful when, making flame with a thin splinter of wood, thou turnest night into day. Keep me in thy house, to the exclusion of all other dogs. And thou, goddess of the kitchen, good and great divinity, I fear and reverence thee, to the end that thou mayest give me abundantly to eat.



ELOISE AND HER DOG, SPORT

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1888

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

Boston, January, 1912

FOR TERMS, see last page, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

BACK NUMBERS of this paper for gratuitous distribution only, are for sale at greatly reduced prices.

THE American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of all the newspapers and magazines published throughout the United States and Canada. They are invited to copy any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS of prose and verse relating to animals are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

A DOUBLE GREETING

We say both a "Merry Christmas," and a "Happy New Year" to our readers in this January issue which will reach the most of them before either of these glad days arrives. We know that to many the Christmas cannot be a "merry" one, or the new year a "happy" one in any such sense as the words are commonly used. But to these we wish no less than to others every good that a gracious Heaven may grant.

Underneath all humane endeavor lies the Christmas spirit,—a spirit so much older than Bethlehem, and the night forever made immortal, that we discover it in varying degrees of manifestation wherever the records of our race are found. It is the spirit of all goodness, kindness, unselfish service in the interests of others. Soon or late as it wins its way among men, it widens its sway till all sentient life feels its beneficent influence. It ended slavery. It will some day end the cruelties that fall so heavily now upon the creatures below us.

It is a fascinating study to trace this spirit back through the history and literature of the past. Often in the Old Testament scriptures it steals upon us out of some page that shows how even then it was protecting animal life. Buddha, the gentle, was a child of this spirit, and, apart from all the necessities of religious dogmas, was a teacher of kindness to man and beast. The shrine dedicated to "Compassion" in Athens witnessed to the presence in the heart of Greece of this same spirit, though contradicted by many an inhumanity that characterized the national life. It is Porphyry, a philosopher of the Roman Empire, not a Christian teacher, who wrote: "He who is led by reason does not confine harmless conduct to men alone, but extends it to other animals and is so more similar to divinity." It was Plutarch who tells of Cato the Censor, that when an epicure desired to be admitted into his friendship, he replied that "he could not live with a man whose palate had quicker sensations than his heart."

Has any faith, however, the record of any single saying so crowded with all tenderness and sympathy for the animal world, as that which fell from the lips of Him who really gives us our Christmas Day when He said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." Even as wide as this is the Christmas spirit.

F.H.R.

FOR THE HORSE-OWNER

The January number of the *Team Owners' Review* contains an article upon "The Humane Treatment of the Horse," by George Foster Howell, in which is a glowing tribute to the late George T. Angell.

OUR NEW DRESS

It takes some time to get used to new clothes. They are worn with a much greater sense of comfort after we have become accustomed to them, and after our friends have ceased to call attention to any misfit. *Our Dumb Animals* appears, with the January issue, quite conscious that it will be the subject of no little surprise to its life-long friends who have never seen it in anything but black and white. It devoutly trusts it may not lose any of its old friends by reason of this effort to make itself look more attractive; instead it hopes to gain a host of new ones whose attention it would call to itself by its more striking appearance.

Much thought has been given for many months to this question of change in apparel, and, as the receipts have always fallen very many thousands of dollars below the expense of issuing the paper, to the wisdom of helping to pay for a more expensive garb by consenting to sell a little space to a few who wanted to buy it. The object in view has been the same that has always governed—the enlargement of the work, the widening of our field of usefulness.

At heart *Our Dumb Animals* is the same champion and defender of animal rights that it always has been, that Mr. Angell so effectively made it. We believe he would be pleased to see it move forward with the times. A new cover, new type, better paper, have not altered its spirit. Its policy is still the same. It never has been, and, so far as we can see, it never can be a commercial enterprise. That end we do not seek. Its mission is that of a messenger, a herald. It will always be going forth over land and sea preaching its gospel of justice and compassion to many thousands who receive it without money and without price.

In raising the annual subscription to one dollar a year we still make it possible for all old subscribers whose subscriptions expire between now and April 1 to renew at the former rates. All teachers are to receive it at a slight advance, that is, to them it will be forty cents instead of twenty-five, and all clubs of five and over can obtain it for fifty cents. Besides this we shall continue to make special rates to humane societies and schools ordering in large quantities.

Furthermore there is this great advantage to be gained: Henceforth every subscriber sending a dollar for the paper directly to the office will become a member of one or other of our Societies as he may designate, the dollar entitling him to the paper and to membership for one year. All of our life and annual members will continue to receive the paper free.

We are very desirous of increasing the circulation of our paper till it has a hundred readers for every one it has today. There is scarcely one who reads these words who could not start a club of five. Won't you help us, dear reader, in securing a greatly enlarged subscription list?

F.H.R.

DEAD

Ten hundred and thirty-nine of them dead. Ten hundred and thirty-nine long roads ended at last. Hunger, thirst, blows, cursings, exposure to the storms of winter, neglect when the heat and the insects of summer make days and

nights equally a burden—all this forever stopped for ten hundred and thirty-nine old, tired, worn-out, but patient toilers in the service of man. Dead. They never knew how it happened. Death came with the suddenness of the pistol's flash, instantaneously. Dead. Thank God for it.

These are the old horses that our Society has humanely destroyed during the past twelve months. Some of them of lowly origin, never used to the best of care, always more or less the victims of man's inhumanity. Some of them to the manor born. From pampered days and the hands of ungrateful owners, these last, when their best years were over, passed down into the bitter experience of the pedlar's hack. We stood and looked at one the other day in front of a sale stable that must have been at least twenty-five years old. So starved and lame was he that one could not see him without thinking of the cruel treatment and neglect that had brought him where he was. Yet the pathos of it all was deepest when one looked into the gentle, patient eyes. That night he was set free from the long bondage. Few things comfort us more in our work than the knowledge that something like a hundred a month of these weary bearers of burden and sufferers from man's brutality are released from all life has meant to them, by our Society.

F.H.R.

DRINKING TROUGHS AND GLANDERS

That glanders is easily spread through contact with a horse afflicted with the disease, or even by contact with harnesses, brushes and other stable equipments that have been used about a glandered horse, is generally admitted. That the common drinking fountain or trough on the street may furnish an excellent medium for transmitting the malady is beyond question. What therefore shall be done? Shall all our watering-places for horses be closed up?

Street-cars, sleeping-cars, churches, schools, theatres, the streets of every city where the dust blows into your face,—these, and many other places and things, furnish excellent opportunities for the spread of contagious diseases. No doubt many people have contracted consumption, typhoid fever, and other ills to which flesh is heir from riding down town in an electric car, or from being at a religious service. Still we hardly think it wise to abolish the street-car or close the streets or give up our schools and churches. The good subserved by them so outweighs the possible opportunities for evil that we wisely take our chances. Whether or not there are microbes in Heaven we do not know. We certainly cannot escape them here on earth, and the temperature of any place that would destroy them would be exceedingly uncomfortable.

So with glanders and the watering-troughs. Where one horse might escape infection by abolishing the common drinking place, ten thousand horses would suffer thirst, and great discomfort. All this is not against using, if it can be found, a fountain that reduces the possibility of infection to the animal.

In London there is an association whose purpose is to supply water for man and beast on the streets of that great city. Their statistics are worthy careful consideration by those who are objecting so seriously to the public horse fountain: "In 1903 the number of cases of glanders in the county of London was 1,945, whereas in 1910 there were only 594, and during 1911 the number was further reduced, yet during these periods the number of troughs was considerably augmented. A half a million horses and 1,392,000 people drink daily at these troughs, and during 1910 the consumption of water was estimated at 81,612,000 gallons."

F.H.R.



Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;

HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;

EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;

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EDGAR F. COMEE, Night Agent.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names and addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. S28-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640.

MONTHLY REPORT

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| Animals examined | 5586 |
| Number of prosecutions | 15 |
| Number of convictions | 14 |
| Horses taken from work | 120 |
| Horses humanely killed | 134 |

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received the following bequests: Miss Georgiana G. Eaton, Boston, \$5000; Charles H. Draper, Brookline, \$3934.12; Mrs. Isabel F. Cobb, New Bedford, \$1895; Edward W. Kopie, Nunda, New York, \$380.37. It has been remembered in the will of Mrs. Caleb Ellis for \$1000.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$100 from "A New York friend," and \$140 for humane literature, from "a co-worker."

Boston, December 20, 1911.

THE WORCESTER SOCIETY

President Rowley spoke December 9 at Worcester before a group of people gathered for the organization of the Worcester Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. More than a hundred had given their names as members of the new society. Great credit is due Miss M. Louise Jackson, court stenographer for Middlesex county, for her efforts in starting this movement. The following officers were elected:

President, Miss Jackson; vice-president, Mr. O'Flynn; secretary, Mrs. E. L. Caton; treasurer, Mrs. H. M. Witter, Jr.; directors, Dr. Amanda C. Bray, Rev. Dr. R. J. Floody, and Dr. Eva March Tappan.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Friends of our Societies who purpose to remember us in their wills, will be glad to know that an arrangement has been made whereby they may give the money while living to one or the other of our Societies, receiving from the Society a perfectly assured income therefrom for the rest of their lives.

The plan is very simple. The Societies receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation, binding themselves to pay to the donors, so long as they shall live, a reasonable rate of interest upon the same. The rate of interest will depend upon the age of the donor, and will be determined at the outset by mutual agreement.

With the splendid record of our Societies, their most carefully invested funds, and the large financial experience of those to whom are entrusted the care and management of all bequests, an investment like this becomes as good, practically, as a government bond.

This means to the donor no further anxiety about investing the amount. The rate of interest will not be changed no matter what the fluctuations are in the business world. One knows just what is to be received every six months while he or she lives.

Many who have but a few thousand will be able by this arrangement to obtain a much better rate of interest than in any other way, and with absolute safety guaranteed. People of wealth also have in many cases invested thousands of dollars in this way.

Each investor will have the satisfaction of knowing that every dollar thus given will go at last to the great cause for which our Societies stand, and that no legal contest, or attempt to break a will is possible with reference to money so given.

The President of the Societies, Dr. Rowley, will be glad to have you correspond with him, asking for further details.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

During November I investigated deer-hunting conditions through the state, making a flying tour through the counties where the open season exists, visiting the hunting camps, buttonholing the gunners and circulating humane literature to show the hunters that killing harmless dumb creatures for sport is a relic of sheer barbarism.

It is hoped that the protest has been effective in making converts to the humane cause, and will result in contributing to bring about a closed season for deer which is being agitated in many parts of the state.

The daily papers of Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, North Adams and Fitchburg during deer-hunting week, vividly showed some of the cruelties and undesirable conditions. The cruelties of maiming deer and the escapes of wounded ones were never more numerous. Whole pages of *Our Dumb Animals* would be required to print all the cases reported by the newspapers. Some excerpts from these appear on page 125 of this issue.

About everybody seems to be opposed to this form of cruelty to dumb creatures except the sporting-goods people. It seems to me that the quickest and most effective way to stop it for good is to urge humane workers all over the state to get property owners to post their land. The penalty is \$100 for hunting deer. This would keep a horde of irresponsible gunners from destroying private property and menacing human life.

ED. H. PACKARD.

DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS

We yield to no one in our admiration of that graceful thing of life and beauty, the deer. We have seen it many times in the wilds of great forests, in captivity, and so far domesticated on large estates that it had lost its fear of man. How any one who has reached middle life and who has allowed himself to think of what hunting for the mere sport of it means, can deliberately kill one of these creatures, we do not understand. And yet, after no little consideration of the question, we have come to the conclusion—which we would gladly change if we can be shown we are wrong—that the deer in Massachusetts are doomed, that the real question is not "How can we preserve them," but "How most mercifully can we destroy them?"

That thing we call civilization ruthlessly tramples down in its onward march many things that, before its coming, had full right of way. From testimony that cannot be questioned many a citizen of the commonwealth has seen the promise of years, so far particularly as his young orchards are concerned, cut off in a single night by deer that have invaded his domains. No one of us, putting himself in this man's place, would feel that this sort of thing could be permitted. A great lover of all animals told us last year of the loss sustained from deer because of their depredations in her gardens, a loss not merely in money, but in the destruction of crops that could not be replaced that season. Wild animals that can roam at will over cultivated property, especially where they are capable of doing much harm, must soon or late run up against the inevitable, that is, destruction; restraint being practically an impossibility.

Again, the inborn passion for hunting, a survival of primitive days, we suppose, is too strong, and will be too strong, for generations, to make it possible for such wild creatures to exist where men and boys have guns; and if any country in the world can outdo us in the quantity of firearms manufactured we have not heard of it. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York zoological park is quoted in the *Springfield Union* of Nov. 24, 1911, as saying that a gun manufacturer told him that there are 500,000 shot-guns sold in this country every year. Another man who, he said, was in a position to know told him that 900,000,000 cartridges were sold in this country yearly. One wonders that any wild animals are left, and that more stupid blunders are not made whereby the ranks of the hunters are depleted by their own kind.

Nothing can be much worse than the present method that permits the farmer and his boys to blaze away with a shot-gun at deer on their premises—oftener than not the poor victim escaping to die—and, with this the open season of a week when hundreds of them are filled with buck-shot, or are so badly wounded, that, evading the hunter, they hide away to die in lingering torture.

If they must be destroyed as it seems inevitable under existing conditions, is there any better method than for the state to undertake the unpleasant task? If men, armed with proper rifles and familiar with their use could be commissioned to exterminate the deer in Massachusetts, in the long run, it seems to us, there would be far less suffering among these unfortunate children of the wild than is made possible now by about the worst system of dealing with the situation one can imagine. That some sane, humane plan may be presented to the next legislature whereby this whole question can be wisely handled is devoutly to be wished.

F.H.R.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb can speak.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to Hon. Henry B. Hill, Treasurer.

THE SAD NOTE

Amid the joyful days of the holiday season it will not harm us to think for a moment of the immeasurable volume of suffering endured by the millions of cattle, sheep, swine, poultry and game, particularly at this season of the year, as they are slaughtered for our tables. No one of our readers can partake of any of this food without being morally responsible for a part of this needless cruelty, unless, by such influence as he can exert, he is working for such humane methods in slaughter as will bring death to these creatures sacrificed for food, with the least possible fright and pain. Who can say, "I am doing my best to end the cruelties of the abattoir and the packing house?" The goal is that every such animal be rendered insensible by some instantaneous method of stunning before the knife is used.

F.H.R.

HOLDING UP WAR

The words we print below, addressed by Governor John A. Dix of New York, recently, to the Bankers' Club of Chicago, deserve wide reading:

"You bankers can do, and are doing, a great work for the welfare of mankind, by withholding financial supplies for war-making.

"Let our bankers covenant with their consciences that they will never again finance a war of exploitation, of mere aggression, of conquest, or of plunder—in short, that they will not finance any war that is avoidable—and the day of the war lord will be near its end, and that of world peace, founded on arbitral justice, will soon have dawned.

"Here, too, labor will strike hands with capital; for no element of our community is today more alive to the criminal waste of war, to its vast toll in men, in money, in industrial stagnation, than is the intelligent working-class from whose ranks the food for cannon is most largely recruited."

F.H.R.

NEVER TRIED

We are frequently told that the ending of war by courts of arbitration is too impracticable to deserve serious consideration. David Jayne Hill, former ambassador to Germany, writes, in his new book, "World Organization and the Modern State," "When it is considered that the price of a single battleship has never yet been expended by all the nations of the earth combined for the judicial organization of peace, is it not at least premature to say that future progress in this direction is impossible?" When nations want to settle their difficulties, one with the other, they will find a way to do it. The peaceful way has never yet been given half a chance.

F.H.R.

THE WORN-OUT HORSE

Here's a problem that deserves from our humane societies a more serious consideration than is commonly given it. We meet the "old horse" everywhere, on the street, in public and private sale stables, out on the country highway being led or driven to some place where a dollar may be made out of him. The men are legion who traffic in these exhausted and decrepit servants of mankind. With such dealers there is seldom any compassion. They can starve and neglect one of these patient, long-suffering beasts of burden apparently without a sting of conscience.

One way, though not a very good one, is to offer five dollars apiece for them. This is to be imposed upon over and over again unless you are on the spot and have your wits about you. It is even to be fooled sometimes into paying for dead horses—that is, if you are not cleverer than the cunning trader.

A far better way would be to bend every effort toward a law permitting the agents of humane societies to forbid the sale of these worn-out horses at private sale as now they can at public auction. Much of this traffic is carried on in private stables and amid conditions that make it difficult of detection. Many of these old horses are doctored with drugs which temporarily brighten them up. The unsuspecting and ignorant buyer finds in a few hours that what he paid fifteen or thirty dollars for isn't worth one.

The best law for meeting this situation about which we know is that in force in Pennsylvania, which makes it "unlawful for any owner to offer for sale, or to sell any horse which, by reason of debility, disease or lameness, or for any other cause, could not be worked in this commonwealth without violating the laws against cruelty to animals." This law has worked splendidly in Pennsylvania, and if every state had one as good a vast deal of this wretched business carried on in these tired-out veterans could be stopped. Meanwhile we plead with all who have some faithful horse whose value has dropped down to less than a hundred dollars, to have him humanely destroyed if they have no longer any use for him. Do not sell him to become the victim of some heartless dealer; that would be to be guilty of an act of treachery and unkindness some day to be answered for before high heaven.

F.H.R.

WHOSE CRIME WAS IT?

A few days ago an eight-year-old boy of Danville, Pennsylvania, took a tiny, unweaned kitten and burned it in a bonfire. Says the *Montour Democrat*: "The little fiend boasted of it and gloated over his crime. No wonder our jails are full, when children go unrebuked for such an offense against God's helpless creatures, when He has expressly commanded, 'Be ye tender-hearted.' Had it been our boy, he would have had to eat his meals from the mantelpiece—standing—for a week or more."

RESCUE WORK IN KANSAS CITY

The Animal Rescue League of Kansas City, Missouri, is trying to raise \$3000 before January 1, 1912, for the purpose of building a shelter for stray cats and dogs. Though the organization is less than a year old and has no home over two hundred cats have been rescued by the members, some of whom have private runways for cats in the yards of their own residences. The League, of which Walton H. Holmes is president, has joined hands with the local Humane Society in an effort to make Kansas City a better place to live in—both for men and animals.

SENATOR GALLINGER

The same week that our attention was called to the fact that Senator Gallinger had become a member of the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society, the following item from the *Woodsville News* reached our desk:

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire is the father of many of the bills which may be classed under the general head of humane legislation. There is a law in the District of Columbia which makes it a misdemeanor to dock the tail of a horse. The anti-tail-docking bill passed the Senate under the Gallinger guidance and was sent over to the House. There were eight representatives who were willing to stand on their feet to say that the horse looks better with a stubby tail than it does with one that sweeps the ground. The 200-odd other members who were present when the bill came to a vote proved themselves friends of the District of Columbia horses by voting that they should be allowed to keep this tail for use in fly time.

Representative Robert Roberts Hitt of Illinois came to the defense of the horse and proved seemingly to the satisfaction of everyone except Mr. Perkins of New York and seven followers that docking was cruel. Mr. Perkins, after saying that the bill was a silly piece of legislation, proposed by foolish women who didn't know a horse from a dog, declared that he had seen the operation of docking performed while the horse was eating oats and the cutting did not cause the beast to lose a bite. Then Uncle Robert Hitt said that the horse in question must have been a New York horse, and that out in Illinois they never allowed their faithful friends to get so hungry that the sight of food made them oblivious to physical pain.

WINS W. C. T. U. PRIZE

Mrs. Emma W. Robinson, a life member of the Kansas City Humane Society, has been given a prize by the Missouri Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the best report of the year on the subject of "Humane Education." The report was based upon the work of the Kansas City Humane Society and gave an account of the Bands of Mercy formed by her in that city.

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY"

That a more important object even than to assure the comfort of animals is back of the work of humane societies is an argument used by them to confute those who feel as if pressing human problems are too important to permit them to give thought to the question of kindness to animals. That is, an awakened sense of mercy and kindness in human consciousness is of more importance than the merely physical well-being of mankind or of animals.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast; and the very word "humane" points to the true purpose of these societies. Especially in children the tendency toward teasing and tormenting things that are weaker than themselves, things that are at their mercy, or the neglect of those dependent on them for well-being, need as much parental correction as any other wrong tendency. To laugh at or ignore a boy's fondness for shooting birds or of annoying cats, as a mere childish impulse that will soon be outgrown, is to ignore the tendency underlying this mischievousness which in later years may come out in other forms of coldness, harshness and cruelty.

Therefore to cultivate a habitual mercifulness and kindness in every direction where there is room for such an expression is pointed out as of immense importance; and training in kindness to animals both at home and in the schools is helping to rid the world of an animus of hate and ill-will.—*Christian Science Monitor*.



Ten Books of Interest to Animal Lovers

ANIMAL COMPETITORS, Ernest Ingersoll.

That the farmer, orchardist, forester, and others may better know those mammals which are such important factors in determining the profit or loss in their occupations this volume is offered. It is therefore intended as a handbook.

The animals which constitute the rodent family, rats and mice of which there are scores of species, gophers, squirrels, prairie-dogs, moles, and rabbits—are discussed. In reference to these animals the author tells about their haunts and habits, their destructiveness, their capacity for carrying and communicating various diseases, and the best methods for their suppression and extermination. Many of these creatures, we are told, are allies rather than enemies, useful instead of injurious, to the agriculturalist. This book should be the means of correcting many mistaken ideas that obtain.

The culture of fur-bearing animals as the badger, skunk, beaver, mink, and otter; the rearing of deer, bison, and other wild animals is well considered. Directions for poisoning and trapping rodent pests, with formulas and designs for traps of which the author favors the humane types, are given.

319 pp. 75 cents net. Sturgis and Walton Company, New York.

ANIMAL SECRETS TOLD, Harry Chase Brearley.

The animal world is full of wonders and secrets. As the amateur strolls through Nature's zoological gardens he will observe and often marvel at the former, but to know the latter his curiosity will prompt him to question his guide at almost every stage of the journey.

For those then who ask "why" are the eyes, noses, ears, mouths, tongues, teeth, bills, feet, tails, covering and protection of many interesting creatures of land, water, and air so formed, the explanation will be found in successive chapters of this volume. Keen, intellectual pleasure is afforded the untrained reader by the author's deductions, always interesting and plausible if not strictly scientific. Such a book tends to stimulate the reader to observe with his own eyes and investigate for himself the phenomena of the animal kingdom.

A dozen full-page reproductions of photographs by Elwin R. Sanborn of the New York Zoological Society, and many drawings by the author, help tell the secrets.

274 pp. \$1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

A REVERSION OF FORM, AND OTHER HORSE STORIES, George W. Harrington.

In this book horses of all ranks and stations, from the thoroughbred racer to the sturdy, petted fire-horses and the poor worn-out cab horses prance and plunge and stagger from cover to cover, and what a lovable lot they are! Don Pedro and Don Quixote of Horse Twenty-Three, the swiftest horses in the fire department; Pin Heads, the old polo pony, whose pluck and endurance saved a girl from life-long sorrow; Fugleman, the city hack, descended from a line of racers but doomed to draw a cab, Fugleman, whose loving devotion saved his master from despair and death; Sunshine, the ugly colt, who became gentle through the loving treatment of The Boy; Fleur de Lis, who carried her master safely home that dark night when in the bitterness of his mental agony, he cared not where he went; Fleetfoot, the sullen chaser, whose lack of spirit brought death to his rider; these and others all make their appeal to the reader. And underneath all lies the one great thought that love of animals, kind and gentle treatment, and a clearer understanding of their natures will change the most stubborn and vicious horse to a friend, and a willing, generous servant.

226 pp. \$1.20, net. Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

FARM FRIENDS AND FARM FOES, Clarence M. Weed, D. Sc.

A surprising amount of very useful and important knowledge is here condensed into a single small volume. Wide indeed is the field and long the list which takes in all of both friends and enemies of the farmer. Weeds, insects, fungi, birds and mammals, harmful and helpful, are discussed concisely and their relation to crop production clearly pointed out. An interesting chapter shows why the birds are of so much economic value to the agriculturalist.

The well ordered arrangement of material, observations for pupils, and suggestive topics for further research and study following each chapter, make a good text-book for the student as well as a guide for the teacher.

Drawings showing structure and growth of plant and insect life, cover designs for booklets, and cuts of various members of the rodent family, are numerous.

334 pp. 90 cents. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

MANUAL OF FARM ANIMALS, Merritt W. Harper.

A practical guide in raising horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, including the choosing, breeding, feeding, and general management. Detailed information upon a broad subject makes this a solid yet comprehensive volume. The horseman will find sound advice about the points, qualities, and characteristics of light and heavy types; the composition and value of various foods; balanced rations; different systems of breeding; how to train, how to harness and what to do for the horse in disease. For the stock-keeper important chapters relate to beef and dairy cattle, sanitary milk production and tuberculosis, with tests and best methods of eradication.

A large fund of useful knowledge suited for ready reference is afforded to those engaged in animal husbandry. Illustrations of profitable types and thoroughbreds are frequently interspersed.

545 pp. \$2.00, net. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE BIBLE ZOO, Albert G. Mackinnon, M. A.

In a series of addresses to young people on the birds, beasts, and insects of the Bible the author shows how important a place all those creatures had in the minds of the sacred writers. By employing a single characteristic of each of the dumb creatures Mr. Mackinnon is able to point a moral ingeniously or emphasize a spiritual truth impressively.

There is a message for every boy or girl reader; a most useful fund of information relating to bird and animal life that should both please and instruct. It should bring them into closer sympathy with all dumb animals and cause them to have greater reverence for the Creator and the things of His creation. For originality, freshness, and adaptability to young minds these stories and sermonettes are of exceptional value.

244 pp. \$1.00, net. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

THE BOOK OF ANIMALS AND THE BOOK OF BIRDS, Horace G. Grosver.

These companion volumes should please and interest both the book lover and the nature student. They are albums of natural history and models of artistic book-making.

The text of both books consists of short chapters each dealing with a single representative of the bird or animal kingdom. Vivid descriptions of the beasts and birds, their habits and habitats, intelligence, ferocity, powers of flight, etc., interspersed with stories and incidents in which the animal or bird has figured, afford pleasure and profit to youthful and mature readers alike.

The author has not attempted any expert classification, scientific or technical treatment, but seems to have ordered his subjects and material from the popular standpoint. Both books will be eagerly welcomed as valuable additions to the literature on animals.

Illustrations showing in one volume the bright colors of many birds, and in the other the more somber colors of animals, prepared from special paintings by George Rankin, together with numerous photographs, are all artistic.

326 and 309 pp. \$2.50 net each. Dana Estes & Company, Boston.

THE MAHATMA AND THE HARE, H. Rider Haggard.

A dream story in which the life of a hare from its first conscious moment until its death at the hands of its hunters is cleverly portrayed. It is a strong plea for the rights of animals. The different forms of cruelty incident to being kept in captivity, and meted out during the shooting and coursing seasons, are treated forcefully and with evident understanding of the instincts and feelings of animals. If all the souls of hunted and tortured creatures could face their human persecutors on the Great White Road, as did the Hare the Red-faced Man, what tales of sorrow and pain, of heartbreak and terror, would pass through the Glorious Gates! If read sympathetically, this book should bring about a revolution in the hunting world.

Twelve full-page illustrations by W. T. Horton and H. M. Brock add to the interest of the story.

165 pp. \$1.00, net. Henry Holt & Company, New York.

THROUGH BIRDLAND BYWAYS, Oliver G. Pike.

With pen and camera this well-known authority on wild birds presents another volume, captivating to every bird and nature lover. The unbeaten paths of birdland are traversed by Mr. Pike and we doubt if ever photographic expeditions were more successful. His birds are the shyest of the wild; their breeding places in the lonely northern moors and upon the wind-swept and wave-washed isles off the Scottish coast, unsurpassed for romantic beauty, were almost inaccessible to the camera man.

Delightful is the account of the trip to St. Kilda, the home of the fulmar petrel, whose quaint people regarded all picture machines as infernal. Equally entertaining is the chapter which records the discovery of the breeding haunts of the wary phalarope in one of the remotest of the Orkneys.

The author laments the ravages of the egg collectors and the egg dealers who so much encourage the natives to engage in the business, and thus exterminate rare species so rapidly. He wants, he states, his readers "to love Birdland as he loves it, and to try to realize that there is more real joy in the sport of the camera; more true happiness in a small bird's song, or a butterfly's flight; in fact, more genuine pleasure in Life, than there ever can be in the sport of the gun, that only brings Death in its train."

Fifty-eight photographs, including twelve colotype plates and thirty-six art cuts, make a most attractive book for the holidays.

212 pp. \$2.15, post-paid. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

WAGGLES: DOG STORIES, G. A. Gearhart.

An extremely interesting variety of stories, anecdotes, and verse about the dog, gathered from many sources, is here brought together. Colonel Gearhart, who is a well-known lecturer, has always been a great lover of the dog, and since early boyhood has been collecting stories which tell of the intelligence, fidelity, and affection of this favorite among man's dumb friends.

178 pp. Cloth, 75c; board, 50c. G. A. Gearhart, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE "OPEN DOOR" POLICY

We are glad to publish the following extracts from the address of Mrs. Diana Belais, president of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society at the New York State Convention of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals, held in Auburn, November 15 and 16. She said, in part:

First, I want to express my appreciation of the great fairness shown by Dr. Stillman in the kind permission he has given me to talk to you for a few moments.

What I want to say, particularly, is that this introduction of an anti-vivisectionist into the deliberations of a Convention of anti-cruelists should not be the occasion of any discussion or even remark; and, as for its being a point of dissension, it should not be conceivable. There is no reason why we should not take part in these gatherings just as a matter of course, in a calm, matter-of-fact way, read our papers or reports, ask for and accept suggestions, and, in short, be a normal member of the Convention. We are, really, you know, a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Our presence at humane conventions should not be the occasion of any societies, organized for other lines of work, taking any action either for or against vivisection as an abstract question. They would not have to endorse or repudiate. They would merely go their ways as heretofore, and we would do the same. I will even go so far as to say that I quite understand the position in which many societies are placed regarding vivisection, and myself think they would be doing an unwise thing to thrust this question of vivisection in upon their members who have connected themselves with such societies for the purpose of aiding them in other lines of anti-cruelty work than vivisection. In the course of time, all anti-cruelty organizations will give, at least, their strong moral support to the anti-vivisection work, and I do not think this time will be long arriving; but, in the meantime, harmony is a first essential, and we should, by striving and sacrificing ourselves toward that end, do all that we can to hasten the glorious hour.

But I have another reason for thinking that all of us may be at peace upon this question—and that is this: I think I have found the secret of absolute harmony and perfect cooperation, and

that secret lies in the legislative platform of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society. That platform is the "OPEN DOOR"; the "OPEN DOOR" means the humanitarian inspection of vivisection laboratories with constant right of entry. See how this will work out! Inspection of laboratories means publicity and getting at the actual facts of vivisection. Who, then, can possibly object to this? Even the extreme left wing of vivisectionists arrayed against this work can come on this platform, because none of them can dare say they are not willing for the absolute truth to become known.

The medium section of the field, the restrictionists, of all shades and description, must of course welcome this kind of legislation with avidity. There can be no exception taken to this wonderful platform by them. It is directly in line with their own thought.

There remains the extreme right wing of the anti-vivisection army, the abolitionists, who, while wishing that a full, true bill of total abolition might be presented and passed forthwith, yet, seeing the impossibility of this, do most sincerely pray that thoroughly trustworthy reports from the vivisectionariums may come forth for public consideration.

So here we are—or may be—on one magnificently broad, all-comprehensive platform, enthusiastically helping to get at the exact truth concerning this most important moral question of the times.

It is clearly seen, I hope, from this presentment of our position that there is no possible place for friction on our platform of the "OPEN DOOR."

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The two handsome dogs on our front cover are Norwegian sledge-dogs, and were brought to this country about six years ago, when puppies, and presented to Mr. Martin Flaherty of Lowell, Massachusetts. Our climate, however, was unsuited to these splendid animals, and they only lived to be four years of age. They were snow white, and this, together with their great size, attracted much attention, many people thinking them to be polar bears. These big dogs were very gentle and intelligent, and were the constant companions of Mr. Flaherty's small son, who also appears in the picture. The dogs loved the snow and cold weather.

MY COMFORTER

The world had all gone wrong that day
And tired and in despair,
Discouraged with the ways of life,
I sank into my chair.

A soft caress fell on my cheek,
My hands were thrust apart,
And two big sympathizing eyes
Gazed down into my heart.

I had a friend; what cared I now
For fifty worlds? I knew
One heart was anxious when I grieved—
My dog's heart, loyal, true.

"God bless him," breathed I soft and low,
And hugged him close and tight.
One lingering lick upon my ear
And we were happy—quite. —Life.

DOG ACTS AS HIRED MAN

Warren Rice of Solon, Maine, has a shepherd dog that he considers worth a dollar and a half a day to him, or the price he would have to pay a hired man, says the *Kennebec Journal*.

"Teddy," the dog, does much of the work that a hired man would do. When Mr. Rice goes off to work into the back field, a mile distant, Teddy goes with him. If Mr. Rice is cutting wood, when a tree is down and his master is cutting the limbs from it, Teddy grabs hold of each one and as it is cut off pulls it away and runs back to get another limb.

When noon time comes his master will say, "Teddy, we had better have dinner," and Teddy goes to the house where his mistress has put up the dinner in a pail, and takes it back to the woods. He and his master eat dinner together. Mr. Rice lives back a little way from the main road and when the mail man comes Teddy runs to get the paper and brings it home.

HUMANE BOOKS AT COST

The American Humane Education Society offers its five most popular humane books at five cents each net, when ordered in large quantities to be sent by express or freight:

Black Beauty (245 pp.) illustrated
For Pity's Sake (191 pp.) illustrated
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst (154 pp.)
The Strike at Shane's (91 pp.)
The Lady of the Robins (194 pp.)

These volumes are bound in heavy paper, printed from clear type on pages 7 x 5 inches.



A FLOCK OF SHEEP OFT BEAUTIFIES THE LANDSCAPE

Lament of the Stag



thoughtlessly joined in by hundreds of humane men of noble traits.

Had the power of speech been given one of these slain beasts it might have thus lamented, writes a sympathetic contributor to the *Valley Spirit* of that city:

Yes, here I hang bruised, broken, disem-boweled, stark, my once limpid eyes glassy, my crowned head dragging in the pave's sweepings, my gentle face brutalized, my thin nostrils, so full of heaven's pure air a week ago, now stifled.

A leaden bullet with the relentless speed of death, backed by man's courage and cunning, they say, sent me here that the sportsman might have praise and the gluttonous a feast. In the early spring when the sunshine had chased the snow down into the brooks and I heard across the low meadow from over in the valley the plowman whistling behind his team, I bethought me of the many days the year before that I had gone down where things were growing and blooming and all seemed free and happy. And why should I not now go back again?

Each day as spring came on faster and faster I crept out from brush and trees and looked down to the tantalizing Conococheague that was singing as merrily as the farmer whistled. One blue day in June the amorous buds sang to my soul, the sweet blossoms on waving trees beckoned and down I sped as if winged, down to the green fields below. For a moment only I paused, fearing in the ecstasy of my freedom that I had erred and had returned to barbarous and hostile giants who would spit fire at me and pierce my hide with hot lead as they had done before to my kin. But all was peace! The farmer's voice called to me softly, "Whoa, buckee, whoa buck, come hither," and the great blinking eyes of the horses were turned tenderly on me with a soft light like that which glows from the lamp that the yearning spouse sets in the window at twilight to cheer the home-comer. Then, indeed, I saw a changed world where men had ceased from the chase and had become akin to God in cherishing harmless animals that could hurt none but would mingle with them to learn their ways and please if not serve.

And so I hurried back to my kind and told them all was well below, that the gray earth had turned green, hard hearts had relented, that guns had been beaten into ploughshares and knives had been long-handled and put to use for pruning-hooks. We came back in twos and threes and in sixes and sevens. I in those proud days, with head high in air, led the bashful does with their spotted young at their side down and out into the open land and bade them not to fear. We wandered down Caledonia way, pattering and leaping through the waters of Hosack, and Birch and Carbaugh and Rocky Mount, and we scattered back again homeward before the yellow sun dropped behind the purple ridge. Ah, those were days of gladness! The world was ours and the mountains our boundless park.

More than once as I clattered homeward through the twilight I passed close by mountain home to hear the drowsy cow-bell, the murmur of stable and household, and, sweetest above all, the babe's cooing and the mother's lullaby. O, our days were rosy with sport, and our nights,



"IN THOSE PROUD DAYS, WITH HEAD HIGH IN AIR"

among boughs and branches and sweet-smelling hemlocks, were aglow with comfort and glad with rest. Many a night I droned under the glimmering moon telling myself we had drifted to deer heaven at last, and in my dumb way thanked the great Maker of all for his goodness and wisdom, which only a little while before I had doubted, in giving us over as beasts of the earth to the dominion of so noble a creation as man. And so we gamboled and joyed all summer long among the green of the trees, the white and pink of the blossoms, the crimson of the berries, to the sweet music of purling waters and the celestial songs of birds.

Come nearer, O mother who stands on the pavement with your little boy babe in your arms! You know the God you teach your little fellow to prattle his prayer to never meant that I should show my bleeding breast and be gam-breled high as a sign to lead the way to a grocer's counter or a cook's larder. Let the lad finger the soft velvet on my antlers, the smooth down on my forehead, my chiseled hoofs, my icy nose that, when life was within, fain would have touched a baby's cheek as oft as it rubbed the neck of loving fawn. There! place the chubby hand, though it shudder, on that cruel black wound on my shoulder, and by it pledge him never to raise stick nor stone nor gun to slay a dumb and helpless and happy one such as I.

The forest sweetness where the wild deer hide.
That couch in bracken on the wild hill-side,
* * * deep glens, and the storm-haunted waste.

WILLIAM WATSON.

HOW DEER ARE KILLED

In the five western counties of Massachusetts the shooting of deer is now allowed by law for one week during November.

Below are printed a few extracts from the press of that state during hunting week, 1911. They furnish a most effective protest:

"C. H. S. shot a fine buck, wounding the animal, and spent most of the day in trying to track it by the trail of blood. He had to return without the buck."

"W. shot a doe with a fawn by her side, and followed the animals three miles but lost them."

"C. P. and J. B. shot six times at one buck, but did not kill him. P., who shot first, broke a front leg, and after following him up for two hours gave up the chase."

"F. F. killed a buck, but not till he had pursued it a mile or more; fired twelve times at it, hitting it every time, and finally getting near enough to stick a knife into its throat."

"Hunters who tramped the woods were determined to shoot every time they got a ghost of a show at the deer. As a result several deer are wounded and left maimed to limp around all winter."

"C. A. found three deer in a pasture, a doe and two fawns. He got a good shot at the doe and killed her. The two fawns scampered off but soon returned. Mr. A. went after his wagon to take the deer home and, upon returning, found the two fawns beside their mother, trying to make her live and run with them again."



HINTS ON THE CARE OF CATS

The English publication, *Band of Mercy*, offers these suggestions about the treatment of cats:

Because there is no tax on cats people are apt to consider them unimportant creatures and treat them carelessly.

Cats are intelligent and affectionate—therefore they need friendly treatment.

Cats like warmth. If they can have a comfortable bed (such as a basket, old cushion on a chair, piece of carpet in a box, or, in summer, even a newspaper) they will not want to prowl about out of doors at night.

Cats need at least two good meals a day. Neither an over-fed nor an ill-fed cat has strength or spirit to catch mice.

Don't feed a cat on rubbish. Bad meat causes disease. Milk, fresh water (kept always handy), vegetables (if the cat will eat them), meat, fish, and liver are good food for a cat.

It is wise to chop up the food, especially meat, as swallowing a large piece might give the cat indigestion or fits.

Don't give too much meat, and mix up potato or bread with the meat so that the cat will eat both.

Never desert your cat when you remove or go for a holiday. You don't know how great and how long its suffering might be if it failed to find another home.

All cats should be brushed if possible once a day; this is not done solely to improve the condition of the coat, but to remove loose hair. Unless this is done the cat will lick its coat and swallow part of the loose hair, which may cause hair balls to form in the stomach and intestines, and these often prove fatal.



NEW BANDS OF MERCY

For many years it has been the custom to publish in *Our Dumb Animals* the names of all the Bands of Mercy reported to our office, together with the names of the presidents and the numbers given to the Bands. This work has grown so rapidly during the last few years that we find it requires an average of at least two pages of the paper to publish all of these names, and frequently so many are received in a single month that it is several months before space can be found to publish them. As comparatively few of our readers can be interested in seeing the name of each of perhaps five hundred new branches formed during a single month, we have decided that most of them will be better satisfied to have this space devoted to general matter. We shall therefore publish the names of the various cities, with the number of Bands formed in each school.

Since our last published report 373 new Bands of Mercy have been formed, as follows, the figures showing the number of branches when more than one have been reported:

Schools in Holyoke, Massachusetts

William Whiting, 9; Elm Street, 11; Appleton, 11; Hamilton Street, 10; Morgan, 16; South Chestnut Street, 10; Sargeant Street, 6; West Street, 16; Park Street, 8; Elmwood, 19; Highland, 14; Ingleside, 2; Kirtland, 7; Nonotuck, 6; Springdale, 7; East Dwight, 7.

Haverhill, Mass.: School Street School.

Bath, Maine: Free Baptist Sunday-school, 8; Second Advent Church, 2; Beason Street Sunday-school.

Gardiner, Maine: Amee Home.

Portland, Maine: Maine Conference Deaconess Home.

Woolwich, Maine: Nequasset School.

Paterson, New Jersey: Paterson Newsboys.

Alloway, New Jersey: Alloway.

Baltimore, Maryland: Girls Friendly Society.

Millersville, Maryland: Little Helpers.

Schools in Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh: Osceola, 12; O'Hara, 13; Monongahela, 6. Braddock: Hamilton, 16; Carnegie, 13; Henning, 11; Copeland, 8.

Turtle Creek: Turtle Creek School, 24.

Munhall: Munhall School, 16.

Brunswick, Michigan: Brunswick.

Howard City, Michigan: Willing Workers.

Schools in Superior, Wisconsin

J. G. Blaine, 4; Abraham Lincoln, 2; William Cullen Bryant, 3; Nelson Dewey, 4; Timothy O. Howe, 6.

Schools in Duluth, Minnesota

Lowell, 7; Longfellow, 5; Merritt; Salter, 3; Lincoln 5; Washburn, 4; Bird Lovers League; Franklin, 4; Endion, 4; Monroe; Lowell; Lester Park, 3; Fairmount, 2; Ensign, 2.

Crookston, Minnesota: Crookston School, 8.

Osakis, Minnesota: "English Grove."

University Place, Nebraska: Mercy.

Bellevue, Colorado: Pleasant Valley.

Cocoanut Grove, Florida: St. Albans; Cocoanut Grove.

Paris, France: Ligue de Pitie.

This makes the total number of Bands organized to date 82,772.

Deserted homeless cats not only suffer themselves, but they cause human beings to suffer by hearing their pitiful cries. It is our duty to take good care of our dogs and cats for their sake, as well as for that of our neighbors.



Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

APPEAL TO BANDS OF MERCY

Will not every member of a Band of Mercy who reads this turn to page 117 and there read the plans proposed for an Animals' Hospital and Headquarters for our Societies, as a memorial to Geo. T. Angell? We need your help.

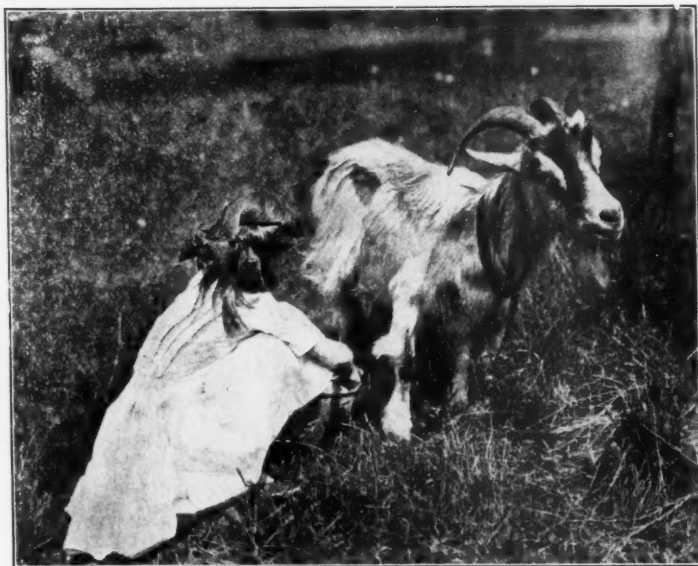
The number of active members of the Band of Mercy today must be fully 500,000. If each one of them would contribute so little as ten cents each, the handsome sum of \$50,000 would be realized toward this building by the Band of Mercy organization.

Let local presidents and secretaries consult their members at once, and see how quickly and how generously they will respond. An average of even one cent each from members of the larger Bands would net one, two, or five dollars. Suppose we call a share one dollar. Which Band will be the first to take a share? Every contribution from a Band will be published on this page that all may know what the others are doing. A few have already sent in their offering. If the officers cannot attend to this, will they not appoint a special committee to do so, and remit the amount as soon as collected? Any individual member, who desires, can send an independent gift of one dollar or more and have it placed to the credit of his Band. The Band sending in the largest amount to reach this office between January 1 and the close of business on March 30, 1912, will receive one of our handsomest and most expensive Band of Mercy banners as a prize. Send returns, as soon as a dollar or more is collected, to the Secretary, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

THE HEART WHERE KINDNESS DWELLS

There's beauty in the glorious sky
Where morn her rosy hues displays,
And when at eve the western clouds
Reflect in gold the sun's last rays,
The star-bespangled heaven is fair,
But there's a beauty far excels
Night's brilliant gems or gorgeous clouds—
'Tis in the heart where kindness dwells.

A summer rose is fair to me,
With pearly dewdrops glittering bright,
And beautiful the sweet spring flowers,
Blue violets and lilies white;
They lend rich fragrance to the morn;
Of innocence and joy it tells!
I love them well, but dearer far
I love the heart where kindness dwells.
I love the songs of summer birds,
And murmurs low of rippling streams,
And fairy music which so oft
Comes softly stealing through my dreams.
But something hath a magic power
Surpassing music's sweetest spells:
'Tis the low voice whose gentle tones
Gush from the heart where kindness dwells.



MILKING THE SWISS MOUNTAIN GOAT

That kindness to animals brings its own reward is well shown in the case of the Swiss mountain goat described in *Rural Life*. Before she came into the possession of her present owner, little eight-year-old Aga Jager of Barnards, New York, she was kept in a city back yard, and there she was so tormented by mischievous boys and dogs that she became extremely vicious. While being milked, her hind feet had to be tied to stakes, and her horns firmly held. For this reason her owner was only too glad to sell her.

For several months after her change of home, she was still ill-tempered, but the continual kindness of her little mistress finally produced the sure result, and today no gentler goat can be found anywhere.

Aga is very fond of animals, and the goat is her especial pet. She always milks her herself, and with this milk she feeds her cat and two puppies.

A DOG THAT OBEYED HIS MISTRESS

One day Betty and Bouncer went out for a frolic. On the edge of the wood Betty spied a lady's slipper and picked it. Then she saw another a little farther in the wood and picked that. She kept on finding them and going deeper and deeper into the wood.

By and by she decided to go back, but the first thing she knew she was in a dreadful tangle of briars. Then she got into a swamp. Next she came to some tall pine-trees that she had never seen before. She looked down at Bouncer and Bouncer looked up at her and, wasn't it strange? Bouncer never thought but that Betty knew the way home, and Betty never dreamed that Bouncer did. She threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

"We're lost, Bouncer!" she cried. "What shall we do?"

Bouncer uttered a few short barks.

"Can't you find the way home, Bouncer?" she asked, suddenly remembering that dogs always knew the way home. Bouncer wagged his tail.

"Go home, Bouncer!" shouted Betty.

This wasn't just the way Bouncer wanted to help.

"Go home!" cried Betty, stamping her foot.

Bouncer looked the picture of misery. The last thing he wanted to do was to go home and leave Betty. But she had said go, and go he must; so off he trotted.

And Betty followed. It didn't seem the right way to go at all, but she trusted Bouncer and pretty soon they were safe out of the woods with Betty's own dear home in plain sight.

FRANCES J. DELANO.



THE CRISIS AND HER FRIENDS

My dear little children:

I wonder how many of you have ever known or loved a sheep? I have so many friends among the little people of Claremont that I thought I would take my pen (of course you know almost every sheep has a pen) and tell you something of my life. I was born on the estate of Winston Churchill, the novelist, and when I was five months old made my first public appearance at a Fair held on his beautiful grounds in aid of Trinity Church in Cornish, New Hampshire.

I wore a sash for the first time. It was light blue and tasted dreadfully. Let me tell you here, you must never taste of your sash. The people present guessed on my weight, which at that time was eighty-seven pounds, by paying twenty-five cents for each guess, and how they did ruffle my wool and my feelings! But they made thirty dollars out of it, and a lady in Claremont who guessed the nearest, took me to her home, and we have loved each other dearly ever since. I was at once dedicated to the service of old Union Church at West Claremont, and with my children have brought forty-three dollars to that church. Have also made ten dollars for the Claremont Rest Room by selling my picture and telling fortunes.

My name is "The Crisis," and my children are "The Crossing," "Coniston" and "Crewe's Career," making a partial library of Mr. Churchill's works bound in sheepskin. I am six years old, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. My mistress calls me an ecclesiastical sheep, and says I shall never be eaten. I love little children, and the dear little girl in the picture is Susan B—— of Winnetka, Illinois. "Hilda," the dog, is doing one of her many tricks. She is playing that she is a dead dog. Do I look very serious in the picture? Don't you believe it. You should see me run when I play "hide and seek" with my mistress, or hear an auto coming. I don't like autos. I had on my hair ribbons in the picture. Sometimes they pull, and then I remove them with my foot.

I hope you will always be loving and kind to your own pets and every living thing about you, for I can assure you that if we cannot tell you what we think, we *know* who is kind to us, and the love of even a sheep will make your life happier and better.

Thanking you for reading this letter, I am,

Very truly yours,

THE
Her X Mark
CRISIS

Claremont, N. H.

OLD YEAR MEMORIES

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rattle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptations that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The faults o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whatever of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-by,"
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die.

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

WORK FOR ANIMALS IN CHILE

There is probably more cruelty to animals in Chile than in any other country of South America.

In this important town of Concepcion, which counts over 55,000 inhabitants, I have witnessed during more than two years the dumb animals' slow martyrdom and have been unable to help them. For their sake I became associated with public affairs and dropped here and there a word in their behalf. In short, the result of my work is that the city board of Concepcion has founded the "Sociedad Protectora de Animales" (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), whose rules and regulations have been entered into the "Ordenanzas Municipales" (city ordinances).

The board of directors includes every member of the city board, the prefect of the police, and some prominent citizens, in all thirty members. The Society is not widespread yet, but before long we hope to rally at least a thousand men, chosen from the best intentioned and educated element of Chileans and foreigners residing in Concepcion.

We cannot count yet on pecuniary help from the public, and the member's contribution has necessarily been fixed at a rate so low as to make thoroughly organized action impossible. Nevertheless, interest is growing and already voices make themselves heard which suggest putting the present rate of one peso up to six a year (one peso corresponds to twenty cents in United States currency). Our expenses include the keeping of a small office, lectures given every month in various society halls and school-rooms, printing of booklets and pamphlets, etc. "Azabache" (Black Beauty) will be introduced in a popular edition of some hundred thousand copies.

Our Society needs help at present, but within a few years we shall possess vitality enough to carry on the work independently.

Humane literature as well as more practical gifts are needed and may be sent to Rev. G. F. Arms, worthy director of the Concepcion College, a missionary school for girls, Casilla 250, Concepcion, who was one of the first to enroll in our membership. J. TH. ARNTZ, Jr.

RECEIPTS BY THE M. S. P. C. A. FOR NOVEMBER, 1911

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All others, \$10.97. Total, \$148.38.

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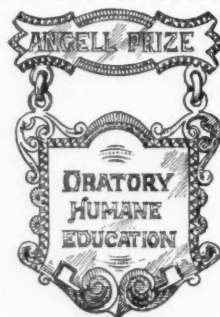
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Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868.

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor.

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The H. F. Jenks Company of Pawtucket, R. I., known all over the world as the manufacturer of street Drinking Fountains for horses, have added to their reputation by introducing an Individual Cup Fountain for the horse.

The new fountain has been thoroughly tested in a number of cities and has given perfect satisfaction. The trough or bowl instead of being used to hold the water for the horse to drink from is merely used as a receptacle for the overflow from the Individual Cups which are placed at convenient intervals in the trough. The cups are stationary, being cast as a part of the trough and are filled from the bottom, water flowing continuously keeping the Cups filled all the time.

In action, as soon as a horse in drinking lowers the water in a cup the flow to that cup following the course of least resistance to pressure increases and before the horse drinking from the cup can move away and another take his place the cup has overflowed carrying away germs of disease that may have been left by the previous animal.

Of the individuals who have given Fountains recently to their home city may be mentioned Mrs. Myer Abrams, one to the City of Boston, Mrs. James Henry Davenport, one to the Town of Brookline, and Mrs. John B. Trevor, one to the City of Yonkers.

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